THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Size of Pictures Drawn For The Bulletin

They must be either 2 3-16 wide for single column, and 4 6-16 for double column. The lines must come within these measure-

Rules for Young Writers.

Write plainly on one side of the rouly, and number the pages.
Use pen and ink, not pencil.
Short and pointed articles will given preference. Do not use over Original stories or letters only

4. Original stories or letters only will be used. 5. Write your name, age and ad-dress plainly at the bottom of the atory.

Address all communications to Uncla

Whatever you are Be that! Whatever you say Be true! Straightforwardly act, Be honest-in fact, Be nobody else but you."

> POETRY. Let Us Be Kind.

Let us be kind.

The way is long and lonely, And human hearts are asking for this blessing only—
Let us be kind.
We cannot know the grief that men

may borrow. cannot see the souls storm-swept by sorrow, But love can shine upon the way to Let us be kind.

Let us be kind. This is a wealth that has no measure, This is of heaven and earth the highest Let us be kind.

A tender word, a smile of love in meet A song of hope and victory to those retreating,
A glimpse of God and brotherhood
while life is fleeting—
Let us be kind.

Let us be kind. The sunset tints will soon be in the

Too late the flowers are laid then on the quiet breast—
Let us be kind.
And when the angel guides have sought and found us, Their hands shall link the broken ties of earth that bound us.

Let us be kind.

The Young Robin's Bath.

And his black eyes shone their bright-

Twas a pretty sight to see the water Like a fountain, o'er the robin, toward the sky,
And 'twas sweet to hear his happy little cry, o see him shake his feathers out

-L. Myrtle Sours. UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-

AWAKES. The way to know things is to work

to find them out.

easily are not the ones which will perfect us in knowledge. We cannot get a masterful grip upon knowledge if we covered boxes.

of laziness. If you wish to experience real pleasure, you must find it in the and wings. successes of perseverance. Every good thing in life is worth

working for.

Get the habit of tackling work with a will instead of putting off things until tomorrow. The energy wasted in constant complaints if applied to hard

tention when we are fresh and ener-

conquer little difficulties as this is the straight way to conquer bigger ones and every victory is a reward.

Those who plan to do the hardest work at the close of day in this world instead of early in the day are the ones who do the poorest work if they do not fail utterty.

THE WINNERS OF PRIZES. 1-Irene Evans of Plainfield: a parks. Thrift Stamp.

Thrift Stamp 2 Anna Gayeski, of Colchester 4 Mary Bobeck, of Columbia: A

WIN A THRIFT STAME

Winning Wide Awake Letters are rewarded with a Thrift Stamp, with an extra Stamp for every fourth book won. State your preference, stamp

Ruth Fielding in the Saddle. 6-Helen Grauman,* of Norwich: A

Thrift Stamp 7-Elizabeth J. Brown, of Pomfret enter: Boy Scouts in the Maine 8-Helen M. Bates, of Plainfield: A

Thrift Stamp. -Please call at The Bulletin business office for Thrift Stamp, or send full address

Dorothy Pasnik of Norwich: Please

Ruth Davis of Canterbury: I received

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE. AWAKES.

Tame Squirrels.

I will tell you about tame squirrels that used to come to our house last ment.

There was one that was very tame. We used to call her Bushy. She would come down from the tree when we called her name. After first making sure that there were no cats around, for the cats used to watch for her and try to catch her. Sometimes she would bring others with her; but we could always pick out Bushy, for she was so tame and always acted the was not and poems so that there was so tame and always acted the same.

Columbia.

A Red Cross Entertainment.

We have been very busy the past week preparing for a Red Cross entertainment which was given in the cats used to watch for her and try to catch her. Sometimes she would bring others with her; but we could always pick out Bushy, for she was so tame and always acted the whole was given in the cats used to watch for her and try to catch her. Sometimes she would bring others with her; but we could always pick out Bushy, for she was so tame and always acted the was asshamed to said: "Because I can not make her stop spinning."

The girl's mother was asshamed to said: "Because I can not make her stop spinning."

The queen answered: "I am never happier than when I hear the humsongs and poems so that there was daughter come with me."

Mother robin with a cry flew to a tree.

But this youngster didn't seem afraid of me:

So he spattered in the water, full of many potatoes as you can or you are

So he spattered in the water, full of many potatoes as you can or you are

So he spattered in the water, full of many potatoes as you can or you are

So he spattered in the water, full of many potatoes as you can or you are

So he spattered in the water, full of many potatoes as you can or you are

So he spattered in the water, full of many potatoes as you can or you are

An Ostrich Farm.

It is very dangerous for the keeper to enter the enclosure of the ostriches, especially when the male is near. They have a quick temper and are easily mangered. When the keeper or anyone number in the first draft.

The months stands out I was a dilizent farmer working on a farm of fifty acres. I was then nearly twenty-one, when unexpectedly war anyoned. When the keeper or anyone number in the first draft.

The most expensive thing in life is about \$13,000 in one year.

After the rainy season the male bird scoops a hole in the sand and the female lays her eggs there. One egg them or twenty eggs are in the nest. For a mistake, they are the very lessons it pays to tackle.

One man is said to have earned about \$13,000 in one year.

After the rainy season the male bird scoops a hole in the sand and the female lays her eggs there. One egg to protect it favore the next day. The every lessons to the dear ones at home.

Notice was given us that we were to sail for France the next day. The every less one sail for France the next day. The every less one sail for France the next day. The every less one sail for France the next day. The every less one sail for France the next day. The every less one sail for France the next day. The every less one sail for France the next day. The every less one sail for France the next day. The every less one sail for France the next day. The every less one sail for France the next day. The every less one sail for France the next day. The every less one sail for France the next day. The every less one segment in packing our equipment and writing letters to the dear ones at home.

The skunk is a fur bearing animal. He is found almost all over the United States now because the next day. The every less one sail for France the next day. The every less one sail for France the next day. The every less one sail for France the next day. The every less one sail for France the next day. The every less one sail for France the next day. The every less one sail for France the next day. The every less one sail for France the next day. The every less one sail for France the next day. The every less one sail for France the next day. The every less one sail for France the next day. The every less one sail for France the next day. The every less one sail for France the next day. The every less one sail for France the next day. The every less one sail for France the next day. The every less one sail for France

As soon as the young ostriches are hatched they are taken away from the old birds and kept near the house.

An ostrich will chase a man on horseback when it will run from a dog or any other smaller animal. It cannot kick lower than three feet from the ground.

Some days elapsed and then we were set to work digging a trench. After much labor the work was accomplished.

While resting we heard a shrill Ger.

work and achievement and efficiency from the ground.

The joy of success is not the fruit

The joy of success is not the fruit

About three lower than three leet from the ground.

Each egg weighs from three to three and a half pounds.

About three hundred feathers are

About three hundred feathers are picked from each bird, from the tail and wings. The feathers of each bird are worth \$30 a year to the owner.

The birds sold at one time for \$5,000 a pair, but now you can get them for \$50 a pair, and raise them raise them yourself. HELEN BRAUMAN.

My Trip to Newport,

constant complaints if applied to hard lessons will make them easy to learn.

Knowing when and how to tackle work makes work easier. Half the world falls because the distasteful job is postponed and tackled last when it is the thing which should be tackled and conquered first.

The things we do not like need attention when we are fresh and ener-

tention when we are fresh and energetic, not when we are weary or in a worried mood, we must learn early in life how to conquer little difficulties as this to the

them I found one was a Belgian and the other a Frenchman, and I asked them to sing, as they told me they could. They sang La Marseillaise, which sounded very beautiful.

It was a very pleasant afternoon and the sun was shining radiantly.

After a short time the boat anchored and we got off and took the trolley to the city, which was a short distance away. We then went to a drug store and had some college ices to refresh ourselves. We then took a delightful little stroll through one of the city parks.

We met hundreds of sailors on the streets, as Newport is a naval station. We walked to the harbor for our boat which was about to start. On the way back I saw ten warships along the coast and I saw many nice little light-

We reached Providence at 11.15 p. There was on m. and took the troller for Pawticket. was lazy and

We reached home at 11.35 p. m. and l was very fired but happy.

I went to bed dreaming of the pleasures I had had in Newport. I got up very late on the next morning and was very drowsy all day long. GERTRUDE POIRIER, Age 18.

A School Garden

The way we come to have a school garden was this. One day a man came in and wanted all of us who could to have a school garden. Of course, all of us said we would have one. So the next afternoon the teacher let us out of school to go with the supervisor to the garden.
The land had been plowed in the

morning. The supervisor measured plots for each of us. Then we set to work. We planted the garden. When the plants came up we weeded and wa-

the plants came up we weeded and watered them.

One morning when we came out we
noticed that some of the plants' leaves
had been bitten off. It looked like
Mr. Woodchuck's work. So we looked
around for his hole. We set a trap
there and Mr. Woodchuck never came and ate our plants after that. When our plants were big and dipe we took them to an exhibition. One of our number won the first prize.

HOWARD WILCOX, Age 11.

The Old Hop River School.

The Old Hop River School is located about two miles from Columbia Center and two miles from Willimantic. The people in this district work in fac-tories or on small farms. They are Wilhelmine Krauss of Lisbon: I thank you very much for the thrift stamp. I will try again.

Depart Part of ACKNOWLEDGMENT. I tories or on small farms. They are all very much interested in Red Cross work, and on Saturday we had \$37,12 as a result of this second Red Cross war. Part of the Cross war.

All the children in our school are members and have worked hard for this excuse my neglect in not writing to thank you sconer. I was very pleased and surprised to find I had won a prize. I thank you very much and will try to win another.

members and nave worked hard for this members and nave w

At Christmas time, instead of the thrift stamp you sent me and I changing Christmas presents we gave thank you for it. and in April we contributed \$12.75 as

During the summer we expect to meet at least once a week w work; and perhaps plan an entertain-

KATIE BOBECK, Age 10.

The Young Robin's Bath,

Oh, you little speckled beauty! splash away,

I'll not burt you, don't be troubled, only stay.

Make the water in your fish tub fly in spray.

Fou're the finest little robin here to-day.

Mother robin with a cry flew to a tree,
But this youngster didn't seem afraid

head drooped lower and lower and were and cover and lower and was fast asleep.

Another play, "Masquerading," was a comic play, represented by two children iressed up in ancient clothes, the flat foot answered: "From licking." Then he asked the acomic play, represented by two children iressed up in ancient clothes, the flat foot answered: "From tread-who finished by singing "Auld Lang Syne."

Tommy and said: "Tommy, my boy! I will help you to write about a potato because I am General Potato."

Tommy said: "Why do we have to write about a potato. Mother said "Red hiding Hood:" Helen Green as and this is how she got her fortune.

MABEL GAPFNEY, Age 12.

Baltic.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

So he spattered in the water, full of glee.

Giving to me every chance there was to see.

Giving to me every chance there was to see.

"All right," said Tommy. "Til cat me many potatoes as I can, and tell mother to fry me some potatoes instead of toasted bread."

"Then I won't call you a slacker."

"And his black eves shore their bright."

"Then I won't call you a slacker."

"The last. "The Key." was represented by five children, one of whom had lost the key to his arithmetic and was in great distress.

The closing recitation was "The Recommendation of the key to his arithmetic and was in great distress.

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The closing recitation was "The Recommendation of the key to his arithmetic and the key t

is getting late and I must got "School sang "Do a Bit of Kindness stone Park in Wyoming. Now." We collected \$7,12 from the jumped out of bed, for his mother was calling him. It was only a dream MARY BOBECK, Age 11. Columbia.

From Farmer to Soldier.

have a quick temper and are easily angreed. When the keeper or anyone enters an enclosure he has to carry a forked stick with which to catch the neck of the bird so that it will not peck him.

The male bird is sometimes worth the first draft.

Two months elapsed before I was sent to carry a forked stick with which to catch the neck of the bird so that it will not peck him.

The male bird is sometimes worth was neither the lack of food nor clothing will stop them but death.

While resting we heard a shrill, German blast. Snatching our arms we rushed toward their camp. Having plundered and killed many men, we returned to our rendezvous. Many of our comrades were killed, but the Ger-man camp also was a terrible sight to

witness after that night raid.

Colchester. My Brother Leaving For France. I wrote to the Wide-Awakes someer was in the army and had been at Camp Gordon for six months.

About a month ago we received a letter saying he was leaving for Camp

CATHERINE PLIZZA, Ake 18.

Upton, Long Island, and would like to have some one of the folks come to see him as he would be there but a few days.

My mother and two sisters and brother-in-law started for Camp ton at once. They went by boat from New London and then got the train

for Camp Upton, the next morning, arriving there at 11 o'clock. It was past 12 when they found my brother, as the camp is very large.

He was just washing his dinner dishes when his visitors were an-nounced. He looked very fat and strong, and was delighted to see them They stayed with him until 5 o'clock and then had to bid him fare-well. The parting was very sad and hard to hear, but the folks managed to

get home early the next morning.

The following morning we received a card saying they were starting away.
Two weeks after that we rectived an official notice that he had arrived safely overseas. We haven't heard safely overseas. We haven't heard from him since, but pray and hope he is well and alive, as most of Uncle Sam's men are at present.
ANNA GAYESKI, Age 13.

Colchester. The Three Spinners There was once a young girl who was lazy and ---- act spin. The



HER NEW HAT, by Ethel E. Place of Danielson.

same. She would come into the house and eat peanuts out of our hand. When we did not see her, she would climb upon the screen door and scratch until we came. I hope they will come back this summer.

we came. I hope they will come back this summer.

ELIZABETH T. TAYLOR, Age 7.

Willimantle.

A Dream,

There was once a boy who after coming home from school had to write a story about a potato. After he had written a little while he wanted to know why we had to write about a potato.

He sat down to a desk and started to write, but while he was writing his head drooped lower and lower and very soon he was fast asleep.

How much Columbia has done in war men, one had a large underlip, the second had a broad flat foot, and the next had a large thumb.

The girl told them her trouble and they said if you marry the king's son will you invite us to your wedding if we spin the flax for you we will bring you good fortune, so they sat down and spun it all. The day came for the wedding and the three women came.

We gave four short plays: "Keepside with the wile he was writing his head drooped lower and lower and yery soon he was fast asleep.

Another play, "Masquerading," was "From licking." Then he asked the

hole they sit up on their hind legs and look all around to see if there is

The male bird is sometimes worth state or \$150 or \$170. The beautiful feathers in the tail and wings sell readily in any market.

One main is said to have earned about \$13,000 in one year.

After the rainy season the male bird scoops a hole in the sand and the

destination.

The day was spent doing odd jobs, for as you remember we had just arrived in "Sunny France."

Some days alward. ground as if to say, keep away, then if you come nearer, he will defend himself in a way that you will never

forget.

The beaver is the most industrious animal of all. He builds dams in brooks. He builds them out of mud and logs, and he hauls mud on his tail, dancing.

He chews down the trees with his mouth. When he wears his teeth off too short to chew trees down he hauls them to the Red Cross rooms.

mud on his tail. They are never idle. Lost week the teacher showed us a state of the little children over its little children over its

mother might say as she liked, but it had no effect. At last she lost her bark. When they get the bark all off patience and struck the girl who set they take the twigs out again and up a loud cry. JOSEPH UNDERWOOD, Age 14. North Stonington.

Dear Uncle Jed: The ingredients of sait beads are: one cup of fine table sait, one-half cup of cornstarch and a

HELEN M. BATES, Age 11.

My School. Dear Uncle Jed: The school I at-tend is the Danielson school. It con-sists of eight rooms with one grade in each room. There are four rooms on the lower floor and four on the upper floor. School begins at 2 o'clock in

The namiral had promised the day efore 50 guineas to the one who went After the Dutch had been driven ick, the admiral asked for the little boy, to give him the money.

The little boy said: "I didn't do it for the love of money." I did it for JENNIE LAMOINE Age 11.

The Poquetanuck School. Dear Uncle Jed: I go to the Poque-tanuck school. We are working hard to help our boys win the war. We spend every Friday afternoon doing patriotic work. We have learn-ed "The Marseillaise," "Keep the Home Fires Burning," "Loyalty to the U. S. A." and lots of other songs," We salute the flag and have learned poems about it.

We know the names of the officers of the army and their rank. We have physical training and folk

Voluntown.

When they get their dam done they a pilture of the little children over in

Sait Beads.

little water to which the coloring is nition, added. Heat salt very hot. Mix aided. Heat salt very hot. Mix cornstarch. The dye may be a simple dye or black ink for black beads and red ink for pink beads. Mix the cornstarch with a little coloring water and then add hot salt, this will form a soft paste or dough. I knead the dough thoroughly, then break off small bits and form into beads, which lamb came to deink small bits and form into beads which lamb came to drink. after being allowed to dry a few minutes should be strung on a hatpin, or
bit of wire, and left to dry thoroughly,
which will take two or three days.

A rose pink strung with tiny gilt or

The fax was so mad he wanted to
pick a fight. The fox said: "How
drinking?"

The lamb answered: "How can 1? It

also pure white ones with gold.

In case the dough is not all used at once wrap in a demp cloth, where it will keep indefinitely.

In case the dough is not all used at once wrap in a demp cloth, where it that be, for I was not born a year went.

For him no Red Cross purse was cant.

The lamb said "Dear sir, how can that be, for I was not born a year ago."

Thinking not of earthly gain, Thinking only of the soldiers went.

For him no Red Cross purse was cant.

Her Precious Jewels. Baltic.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

Wild Animals at Home.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you about the wild animals at home.

The coyote is a very flaver animal. He is related to the wolf family. They live in the great plains. There are a great many of them around Yellow stone Park in Wyoming.

The lower floor and four on the upper floor. School begins at 9 o'clock in the morning and closes at 3:30 in the every Thursday and so I thought I would write.

Cornella was a beautiful lady who lived in Rome many years ago. She had two boys, and never did mother and sons love each other more tenderly than they.

The coyote is a very flaver animal. He is related to the wolf family. They live in the great plains. There are a great many of them around Yellow stone Park in Wyoming.

MILDRED WILDE. Wauregan.

At evening they all meet and sing in this way. "Yap! Yoop!! Y-o-w-Yab-h-h!!!."

The coyote can run very fast. He is the mearly in unexpectedly war in the way and it was among the life. They live on other small animals in the same forth and asked: "Who will take a message to one of our ships at sea!"

His Love for the Fiag.

Dear Uncle Jed: Two countries were at war, England and Holland. One wonderful beauty. Presently the lady wonderful beauty. Presently the lady took from the basket rare jewels of all kinds and showed them to Cornella. They must have help. The admiral come forth and asked: "Who will take a message to one of our ships at sea!"

A small boy came forth and said he

CATHERINE DRISCOLL, Age 9.

Falling in the Ham. Dear Uncle Jed: One day I sat in my mothers' ham. The way I happened to fall in was, I came running in from the yard to get my hoop. It was in the back room. When I went to get my hoop I fell in the ham. I cried so oud my mother thought I was killed. She put some soda on me, and the next day I felt fine

DANIEL O'NEH., Age 6. Patriotic School Exercises.

yet. We have a patriotic afternoon every Friday. First we salute the flag, then we sing songs, recite quotations and read out of patriotic leaflets. My

After recess each child tells a current event and takes part in the physical exercises. Sometimes we do knitting the last 40 minutes. The boys make trench candles while the girl are knitting or cutting up rags for

ASHFORD

Miss Leola Poole iz home for the The Memorial services held in Warrenville Friday were well attended. The address by Rev. Mr. Puffer of Stafford Springs was very interesting.
Thomas Fitts returned home Sunday fter spending a week in Willimantic Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bennette visit-Mrs. McIntire and son motored from Providence Sunday and called on her rother, John Whitford. Mrs. Albert Clarke is M.

France going to school with gas masks on, and some had been hurt in a raid. I am glad that I live in the United We never buy any more candy now, but use our money for stamps. I feed the hens and go after milk

every night. EWITH BROKER, Age 8.

A Gentleman. Dear Uncle Jed: Once there was a little boy who was very unmanly and everybody used to hate to go by him. But one day I passed him and he tip-ped his hat politely and said a few po-lite words, and I was very much astonished at his unaccustomed polite-ness. But come to find out he had a new teacher who was teaching the pu-

pils politeness.

I was telling my mother about it and she said that was one sign of a gentleman, providing he tips his hat to his mother and sisters, as well, and always thinks of other people first; and then if he wears patent leather shoes, or no shoes at all, he is a true

IRENE EVANS. Plainfield.

Driving Home the Cows. Dear Uncle Jed: Last summer my sister and I drove home the cows ev-ery night. One night about 4 o'clock it began to look as if it was going to rain, so we started after the cows.

When we got to the barway the cows were not in sight. We called for a while, but the cows did not come. We started toward the spring, where we usually found them if they were not at the bars. We did not get very for when we saw the cows coming. The sky was getting blacker every minute. All of a sudden a flash of lightning swept the sky. How we hurried, but not fast enough. I let down the bars, and my sister drove the cows through.

Before we got to the house we were drengthed to the skin. We will all the skin was the task as a lone patrol, to do his bit, with death his dole. Grenched to the skin. My sister did not want to go and drive the cows when it looked as if we were going to

have a thunder storm.

MARY WILLIAMS, Age 10. air. Jewett City Helping Uncle Sam. Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tel you the way every boy and girl can do their bit. One way is, to buy thrift stamps, and another is to be a member of the Junior Red Cross.

I am in the sixth grade and my room has a hundred per cent in thrift stamps. I have only four thrift stamps, but I am a member of the Junior Red Cross. Junior Red Cross,
One twenty-five cent thrift stamp

would help to buy our soldiers ammu-

drinking?"

West.

The lamb answered: "How can I? It But the crawling Yank was shot and sliver metal beads between the pink runs from you to me."

ones makes a very pretty necklace; The fox said: "I have had enough to do with you a year ago."

to do with you a year ago."

to do with you a year ago."

> "Well, it was some of your relations then, and in spite of them all I shall And, eat you alive," and he did! MABEL GAFFNEY, Age 13.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am a new memper. I have been reading the stories every Thursday and so I thought I For quenching thirst, the worst he'd

as she watched them at their studies or their games.

One day a lady dressed in the rich-est of silks and wearing the costliest

At that moment Cornelia's boys re-turned from school and came up to greet their mother. Putting her arms about them, Cornelia said proudly: "These are my jewels. There are none more precious in Rome: no not in all But as it is you let others die

Dear Uncle Jed: I have joined the unior Red Cross. It costs 26 cents o join. Several in the school have joined. We haven't received the pins

Who now is serving Uncle Sam; But here's to the girl who's heart is teacher reads patriotic stories and ther we copy recipes. We have only a five-minute recess.

I went up to my friend Helen's house and stayed all night on her birthday. She is coming down to my house some night after vacation. We are going to have our vacation the 22d.

MARION BROWN, Age 16. Moosup.

German Chambers of Commerce, the Kaiser replied:—"The last few months have brought us successes which justi-fy our title to a strong peace which shall open new roads German commerce and give complete freedom for the development of our



COCKS OF THE WALK, by Roger Billiner, of North Franklin.

WIDE-AWAKE POEMS

Back in the trench with the vermin with his mates had fought for ad been gassed, and some had

But thanks to his mask he had survivea. But though in the trench he was facing death, Yet now as he crept with bated breath, He thought it safe as Heaven there; He shut his teeth to do and dare.

of flame, He could not go the way he came; For the Hun was out on a midnight

But on he crawled on the slimy bank. A death-defying, fighting Yank.
"They may get me yet," he muttered low,

"But where I go some Huns will go."

I cannot tell of the awful fight,
Of the seething hell of this April night.
Of the Yankee boys who did their best,
And died like the sons of our mighty
Where the nurses of the "Red Cross"

why? Because he would never give A cent that soldier boys might live, Back there in the states he's been too

tight fight. And now as he lay on the blood-stain-ed sod, He cried aloud to a righteous God

Sut no Angel of Mercy to him came He must die, and he alone to blame. The swful hours he was dying there, none to pity, none to care, Not a cent to spare, what'e'er might "I can't afford let the rich men ray!

bone,

But when the hours of the drendful day, brought him no pity. Then he knew what every cent did for In a haze of pain, his dread account Could there be no help for such as he? The each he had kept for his own use. Now jeered at him with wild abuse "Ye would not give us a life to save Now we can't give you a decent

Wav A Red Cross nurse would be here day. He woke with a start in his own white He screamed and covered his eyes For the world that bleeds with with dread.
"It's hell I've seen." to his wife he said.

I've been in hell; by my own life,

I've seen how the boys are dying

there.
With none to pity, none to care.
And never again will I keep my tin To the Red Cross fund will I turn all That I can spote, in this Great Drive Thank God! 'Twas a dream, and I'm Rive. | ELIZABETH J. BROWN. Pomfret Center.

To Mothers and Sweethearts.

Everyone speaks of the uniformed

It was a wild spring night and the wind was high,

Dark claude.

To the boy who fights for the red, white and blue wind was high,
Dark clouds swept over a fitful sky:
Came a dash of rain, it was icy cold.
And bleak as death was No Man's
For by his Uncle he must stand.
When war has started in the land.
He'll give up lite and all he's got,
For he's a fearless patriot. white and blue.

For by his Uncle he must stand
When war has started in the land.

Here's to the girl that floes her share; Who knits the boys war things to West

In idleness she will not sit.
But willingly she does her bit.
The gallant boys to war go forth—
From East and West and South and North-Her thoughts are with them as they Her heart beats quick, her cheeks

grow pale. And as they speed across the sea. The menace of Autocracy, At once grows dimmer than before Some months will pass, and then we'll

The Conqueror-Democracy Now the wild night opened with a burst Then blood and battle both will cease of flame. So here's to the mothers and sweethearts true In his heart of hearts he was afraid. Who gave their beloved to the red. But on he crawled on the slimy white and blue; And through our joy, our hopes and

> Red Cross. Help and cheer them every where With their prayers and deeds of mer-

We give them all a loud three cheers!

Canterbury Green.

cy, Thinking not of earthly gain, And the mothers, how they bless them. For no money can repay, Deeds like those that they are doing, Near the battle fields each day.

We can help them with our money: We can do the smaller part.

Knowing well our Heaven's FatherCounts the good in every heart. But we all must bear our crosses. Saving everything we can For the "Red Cross" near the trench-

Nativity. "And the angels sang: men." O' is it a dream where the white

That the angels troubled wre

Will work hard to save each man.

A. J. G. S.

For the world is so full of war? O, there is no bed for His little head, The nursing angels fear There is no nest where His head can The wars they are so near.

That they know not where to lay the

O, the church is fit and the candles And the bells they tell amain, But the Babe they lay in exen's hay-He cannot sleep for pain. O, is it a dream, where the white O, is it a dream, wings gleam.

That the angels' trouble sore—
In the cradle low the Babe weeps so.
In the cradle low that bleeds with war.

O'NEILL LATHAM. ROCKVILLE

Memorial day was observed here with services in the church as usual The address was by G. R. Notter of Westerly. Rev. B. G. Boardman of Kingston preached here in the S. D. B. church aturday.
The family of Adelbert R. Clarke have all been ill.

Mrs. Mary K. B. Sunderland, who has spent the past winter with Mrs. Phebe Kenyon, returned last week to her home in Wickford, guest of relatives in Wickford for a



KNITTING FOR THE BOYS OVER THERE, by Elsie Church of U

RED CROSS NURSE, by Grace A. Burrill of Stafford Springs.